

Revenge is coming by KahnShao

Category: It

Genre: Horror

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-16 14:04:11

Updated: 2017-11-16 14:04:11

Packaged: 2019-12-12 01:48:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 812

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Bill and company fight what they think is the final fight in the Sewers. But It has other plans. one shot. (may not be that good but flames, as usual will be extinguished or warm my house)

Revenge is coming

Revenge is coming

"Kill It Bill!" The others screamed as Bill slammed into It's skull with the lead bar he grabbed from the dirty sewer floor. He was pissed off. Not only did this fucking clown kill his younger brother, it had the balls to imitate him and play upon his sympathy by taking form of his one armed brother and tearfully asking Big Bill to take him home. At first Bill almost was fooled. At first. He and his friends managed to knock the clown on his ass and It had backed away to the hole from which it first came. It was scared now. These kids, if It could even call them kids anymore, had beaten him senseless and whatever fear was there, was now replaced by pure anger, hate, and worse of all, bravery.

"He thrusts his fist against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts." It muttered nervously without any stutter hoping that would play upon Bill's speech handicap. "We aren't afraid. Now you're the one that's afraid...coz your gonna starve." Bill said calmly, almost regretfully, as if he was a bit sorry that he had to kill this being. It was now trying to hold itself up onto the rim of the hole staring at them trying to half grin. Bill raised the pole up again daring It to try and crawl back out. It faintly realized that bits and pieces of It's skull were starting to float away somewhere. Just before it let go it said one word; "Fear." And dropped with an agonized howl. Bill turned towards his friends and passed them to where Georgeie's yellow jacket lay. It was missing one arm. Bill sank to his knees finally accepting the truth he knew all along but was unwilling to accept. His brother was dead. He sobbed quietly as his friends surrounded him in comfort. Quietly, somberly, they left that hellhole where they fought what they figured would be the final battle. Even Richie, the smartmouth that he usually was, was quiet.

They stood quietly in a circle in the warm sunlight. It had stopped raining. It was then decided that if It came back, so would they. They sealed their promise in blood before departing their separate ways. Bev was going to Portland the next day to live with her aunt. Going back home to where her father was, was out of the question. "Do you

think its really gone for good Bill? Bev asked. Bill shrugged. "I- d-d- don't k-know. W-we clobber him p-p-pretty g-good so hopefully n-not." He smiled a bit shyly. It was then Bev kissed him. He was shocked at first but then returned the kiss. He didn't think anyone was watching, but they were. Ben looked on sadly. If it was meant to be Bev and Bill then he would be happy for them. Because he loved Bev, and considered Bill to be one of his best friends. The summer wore on uneventful and the friends hung on to each other as long as they could before moving away with their families. Their memories of one another fading in time or becoming fuzzy at best.

Beneath the sewers

It was infuriated. Never had it felt so much anger or hate towards humans in all its long life. Generally it had no opinion of humans or their offspring one way or another; simply considering them food and nothing more. It was fear that made Its food source edible. But to be savagely beaten, denied its meal and humiliated, it could not abide by that. Every part of Its body was in pain. It had no choice now but to go to sleep and heal. Even the floating children were now of no use to it. It thought of how it was "generous" and made a deal with them. It would take Bill and only Bill and then it would have its long rest. The others would go on and live happy, long lives until death took them back to the weeds. But no. they could not let that happen.

It bellowed again in rage. It then went into its long slumber dreaming pleasantly of the revenge it would enact if those insufferable brats dared show their faces in Derry ever again. One way or another, it would return and have its revenge. Mike would stay behind. Not because he actually wanted to, but because his grandfather was not apt to move anywhere anytime soon. And when Mike was grown, he would not have the powers that only children are granted. Let them all return if they want. It would pick them off one by one or all at once. No adult had ever faced off against it and won. And It was going to make sure that no adult or child would be able to do that ever again.